# THE

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776

# ART

## OF PRESERVING

# HEALTH:

## A

# POEM.

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776

# THE ART OF PRESERVING HEALTH

## BOOK I.

### AIR.

DAUGHTER of Pæon, queen of every joy,
HYGEIA*; whoſe indulgent ſmile ſuſtains
The various race luxuriant nature pours,
And on th' immortal eſſences beſtows
Immortal youth; auſpicious, O deſcend!
Thou, chearful guardian of the rolling year,
Whether thou wanton'ſt on the weſtern gale,

* Hygeia the goddeſs of health, was, according to the genealogy of the heathen deities, the daughter of Eſculapius; who, as well as Apollo, was diſtinguiſhed by the name of Pæon.



MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASW

Or ſhak'ſt the rigid pinions of the north,
Diffuſeſt life and vigour thro' the tracts
Of air, thro' earth, and ocean's deep domain.
When thro' the blue ſerenity of heav'n
Thy power approaches, all the waſteful hoſt
Of pain and ſickneſs, ſquallid and deform'd,
Confounded ſink into the loathſom gloom,
Where in deep Erebus involv'd the fiends
Grow more profane. Whatever ſhapes of death,
Shook from the hideous chambers of the globe,
Swarm thro' the ſhuddering air: whatever plagues
Or meagre famine breeds, or with ſlow wings
Riſe from the putrid watry element,
The damp waſte foreſt, motionleſs and rank,
That ſmothers earth and all the breathleſs winds,
Or the vile carnage of th' inhuman field;
Whatever baneful breathes the rotten ſouth;
Whatever ills th' extremes or ſudden change

Of cold and hot, or moiſt and dry produce;
They fly thy pure effulgence: they, and all
The ſecret poiſons of avenging heaven,
And all the pale tribes halting in the train
Of vice and heedleſs pleaſure: or if aught
The comet's glare amid the burning sky,
Mournful eclipſe, or planets ill-combin'd,
Portend diſaſtrous to the vital world;
Thy ſalutary power averts their rage,
Averts the general bane: and but for thee
Nature would ſicken, nature ſoon would die.

Without thy chearful active energy
No rapture ſwells the breaſt, no poet ſings,
No more the maids of Helicon delight.
Come then with me, O Goddeſs heavenly-gay!
Begin the ſong; and let it ſweetly flow,
And let it wiſely teach thy wholeſom laws:

"How beſt the fickle fabric to ſupport
"Of mortal man; in healthful body how
"A healthful mind the longeſt to maintain."
'Tis hard, in ſuch a ſtrife of rules, to chuſe
The beſt, and thoſe of moſt extenſive uſe;
Harder in clear and animated ſong
Dry philoſophic precepts to convey.
Yet with thy aid the ſecret wilds I trace
Of nature, and with daring ſteps proceed
Thro' paths the muſes never trod before.

Nor ſhould I wander doubtful of my way,
Had I the lights of that ſagacious mind
Which taught to check the peſtilential fire,
And quel the dreaded Python of the Nile.
O Thou belov'd by all the graceful arts,
Thou long the fav'rite of the healing powers,
Indulge, O MEAD! a well-deſign'd eſſay,

How-

Howe'er imperfect: and permit that I
My little knowledge with my country ſhare,
Till you the rich Aſclepian ſtores unlock,
And with new graces dignify the theme.

YE who amid this feveriſh world would wear
A body free of pain, of cares a mind;
Fly the rank city, ſhun its turbid air;
Breathe not the chaos of eternal ſmoke
And volatile corruption, from the dead,
The dying, ſickning, and the living world
Exhal'd, to ſully heaven's tranſparent dome
With dim mortality. It is not air
That from a thouſand lungs reeks back to thine,
Sated with exhalations rank and fell,
The ſpoil of dunghills, and the putrid thaw
Of nature; when from ſhape and texture ſhe
Relapſes into fighting elements:

It is not air, but floats a nauſeous maſs
Of all obſcene, corrupt, offenſive things.
Much moiſture hurts; but here a ſordid bath,
With oily rancor fraught, relaxes more
The ſolid frame than ſimple moiſture can.
Beſides, immur'd in many a ſullen bay
That never felt the freſhneſs of the breeze,
This ſlumbring deep remains, and ranker grows
With ſickly reſt: and (tho' the lungs abhor
To drink the dun fuliginous abyſs)
Did not the acid vigour of the mine,
Roll'd from ſo many thundring chimneys, tame
The putrid ſalts that overſwarm the sky;
This cauſtick venom would perhaps corrode
Thoſe tender cells that draw the vital air,
In vain with all their unctuous rills bedew'd;
Or by the drunken venous tubes, that yawn
In countleſs pores o'er all the pervious skin,
Im-

Imbib'd, would poison the balsamic blood,
And rouse the heart to every fever's rage.
While yet you breathe, away! the rural wilds
Invite; the mountains call you, and the vales,
The woods, the streams, and each ambrosial breeze
That fans the ever undulating sky;
A kindly sky! whose fost'ring power regales
Man, beast, and all the vegetable reign.
Find then some woodland scene where nature smiles
Benign, where all her honest children thrive.
To us there wants not many a happy seat;
Look round the smiling land, such numbers rise
We hardly fix, bewilder'd in our choice.
See where enthron'd in adamantine state,
Proud of her bards, imperial Windsor sits;
There chuse thy seat, in some aspiring grove
Fast by the slowly-winding Thames; or where
Broader she laves fair Richmond's green retreats,

(Richmond that sees an hundred villas rise
Rural or gay.) O! from the summer's rage
O! wrap me in the friendly gloom that hides
Umbrageous Ham! But if the busy town
Attract thee still to toil for power or gold,
Sweetly thou mayst thy vacant hours possess
In Hampstead, courted by the western wind;
Or Greenwich, waving o'er the winding flood;
Or lose the world amid the sylvan wilds
Of Dulwich, yet by barbarous arts unspoil'd.
Green rise the Kentish hills in chearful air;
But on the marshy plains that Essex spreads
Build not, nor rest too long thy wandering feet.
For on a rustic throne of dewy turf,
With baneful fogs her aching temples bound,
Quartana there presides; a meagre fiend
Begot by Eurus, when his brutal force
Compress'd the slothful Naiad of the fens.

From ſuch a mixture ſprung this fitful peſt,
With feveriſh blaſts ſubdues the ſick'ning land:
Cold tremors come, and mighty love of reſt,
Convulſive yawnings, laſſitude, and pains
That ſting the burden'd brows, fatigue the loins,
And rack the joints, and every torpid limb;
Then parching heat ſucceeds, till copious ſweats
O'erflow; a ſhort relief from former ills.
Beneath repeated ſhocks the wretches pine;
The vigour ſinks, the habit melts away;
The chearful, pure and animated bloom
Dies from the face, with ſqualid atrophy
Devour'd, in ſallow melancholy clad.
And oft the ſorcereſs, in her ſated wrath,
Reſigns them to the furies of her train;
The bloated Hydrops, and the yellow fiend
Ting'd with her own accumulated gall.

In queſt of ſites, avoid the mournful plain,
Where oſiers thrive, and trees that love the lake;
Where many lazy muddy rivers flow:
Nor for the wealth that all the Indies roll
Fix near the marſhy margin of the main.
For from the humid ſoil, and watry reign,
Eternal vapours riſe; the ſpungy air
For ever weeps; or, turgid with the weight
Of waters, pours a ſounding deluge down.
Skies ſuch as theſe let every mortal ſhun
Who dreads the dropſy, palſy, or the gout,
Tertian, corroſive ſcurvy, or moiſt catarrh;
Or any other injury that grows
From raw-ſpun fibres idle and unſtrung,
Skin ill-perſpiring, and the purple flood
In languid eddies loitering into phlegm.

Yet not alone from humid skies we pine;
For air may be too dry. The ſubtle heaven,
That winnows into duſt the blaſted downs,
Bare and extended wide without a ſtream,
Too faſt imbibes th' attenuated lymph
Which, by the ſurface, from the blood exhales.
The lungs grow rigid, and with toil eſſay
Their flexible vibrations; or inflam'd,
Their tender ever-moving ſtructure thaws.
Spoil'd of its limpid vehicle, the blood
A maſs of lees remains, a droſſy tide
That flow as Lethe wanders thro' the veins,
Unactive in the ſervices of life,
Unfit to lead its pitchy current thro'
The ſecret mazy channels of the brain.
The melancholic fiend, (that worſt deſpair
Of phyſic) hence the ruſt-complexion'd man
Purſues, whoſe blood is dry, whoſe fibres gain

Too ſtretch'd a tone: And hence in climes aduſt
So ſudden tumults ſeize the trembling nerves,
And burning fevers glow with double rage.

Fly, if you can, theſe violent extremes
Of air; the wholeſome is nor moiſt nor dry.
But as the power of chuſing is deny'd
To half mankind, a further task enſues;
How beſt to mitigate theſe fell extreams,
How breathe unhurt the withering element,
Or hazy atmoſphere: Tho' cuſtom moulds
To every clime the ſoft Promethean clay;
And he who firſt the fogs of Eſſex breath'd
(So kind is native air) may in the fens
Of Eſſex from inveterate ills revive
At pure Montpelier or Bermuda caught.
But if the raw and oozy heaven offend,
Correct the ſoil, and dry the ſources up

Of watry exhalation; wide and deep
Conduct your trenches thro' the ſpouting bog;
Solicitous, with all your winding arts,
Betray th' unwilling lake into the ſtream;
And weed the foreſt, and invoke the winds
To break the toils where ſtrangled vapours lie;
Or thro' the thickets ſend the crackling flames.
Mean time, at home with chearful fires diſpel
The humid air: And let your table ſmoke
With ſolid roaſt or bak'd; or what the herds
Of tamer breed ſupply; or what the wilds
Yield to the toilſom pleaſures of the chaſe.
Generous your wine, the boaſt of rip'ning years,
But frugal be your cups; the languid frame,
Vapid and ſunk from yeſterday's debauch,
Shrinks from the cold embrace of watry heavens.
But neither theſe, nor all Apollo's arts,
Diſarm the dangers of the dropping sky,

Unleſs

Unleſs with exerciſe and manly toil
You brace your nerves, and ſpur the lagging blood.
The fat'ning clime let all the ſons of eaſe
Avoid; if indolence would wiſh to live.
Go, yawn and loiter out the long ſlow year
In fairer skies. If droughty regions parch
The skin and lungs, and bake the thick'ning blood;
Deep in the waving foreſt chuſe your ſeat,
Where fuming trees refreſh the thirſty air;
And wake the fountains from their ſecret beds,
And into lakes dilate the running ſtream.
Here ſpread your gardens wide; and let the cool,
The moiſt relaxing vegetable ſtore
Prevail in each repaſt: Your food ſupplied
By bleeding life, be gently waſted down,
By ſoft decoction and a mellowing heat,
To liquid balm; or, if the ſolid maſs
You chuſe, tormented in the boiling wave;

That thro' the thirſty channels of the blood
A ſmooth diluted chyle may ever flow.
The fragrant dairy from its cool receſs
Its nectar acid or benign will pour
To drown your thirſt; or let the mantling bowl
Of keen Sherbet the fickle taſte relieve.
For with the viſcous blood the ſimple ſtream
Will hardly mingle; and fermented cups
Oft diſſipate more moiſture than they give.
Yet when pale ſeaſons riſe, or winter rolls
His horrors o'er the world, thou may'ſt indulge
In feaſts more genial, and impatient broach
The mellow caſk. Then too the ſcourging air
Provokes to keener toils than ſultry droughts
Allow. But rarely we ſuch ſkies blaſpheme.
Steep'd in continual rains, or with raw fogs
Bedew'd, our ſeaſons droop; incumbent ſtill
A ponderous heaven o'erwhelms the ſinking ſoul.

Lab'ring

MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWA

Lab'ring with ſtorms in heapy mountains riſe
Th' imbattled clouds, as if the Stygian ſhades
Had left the dungeon of eternal night,
Till black with thunder all the ſouth deſcends.
Scarce in a ſhowerleſs day the heavens indulge
Our melting clime; except the baleful eaſt
Withers the tender ſpring, and ſourly checks
The fancy of the year. Our fathers talk
Of ſummers, balmy airs, and skies ſerene.
Good heaven! for what unexpiated crimes
This diſmal change! The brooding elements
Do they, your powerful miniſters of wrath,
Prepare ſome fierce exterminating plague?
Or is it fix'd in the Decrees above
That lofty Albion melt into the main?
Indulgent nature! O diſſolve this gloom!
Bind in eternal adamant the winds
That drown or wither: Give the genial weſt

To breathe, and in its turn the ſprightly north :
And may once more the circling ſeaſons rule
The year; not mix in every monſtrous day.

Mean time, the moiſt malignity to ſhun
Of burthen'd skies; mark where the dry champain
Swells into chearful hills; where Marjoram
And Thyme, the love of bees, perfume the air;
And where the * Cynorrhodon with the roſe
For fragrance vies; for in the thirſty ſoil
Moſt fragrant breathe the aromatic tribes.
There bid thy roofs high on the basking ſteep
Aſcend, there light thy hoſpitable fires.
And let them ſee the winter morn ariſe,
The ſummer evening bluſhing in the weſt;
While with umbrageous oaks the ridge behind
O'erhung, defends you from the bluſt'ring north,

* The wild roſe, or that which grows upon the wild briar.

And bleak affliction of the peevish east.
O! when the growling winds contend, and all
The sounding forest fluctuates in the storm,
To sink in warm repose, and hear the din
Howl o'er the steady battlements, delights
Above the luxury of vulgar sleep.
The murmuring rivulet, and the hoarser strain
Of waters rushing o'er the slippery rocks,
Will nightly lull you to ambrosial rest.
To please the fancy is no trifling good,
Where health is studied; for whatever moves
The mind with calm delight, promotes the just
And natural movements of th' harmonious frame.
Besides, the sportive brook for ever shakes
The trembling air; that floats from hill to hill,
From vale to mountain, with incessant change
Of purest element, refreshing still
Your airy seat, and uninfected Gods.

Chiefly

Chiefly for this I praiſe the man who builds
High on the breezy ridge, whoſe lofty ſides
Th' etherial deep with endleſs billows laves.
His purer manſion nor contagious years
Shall reach, nor deadly putrid airs annoy.

But may no fogs, from lake or fenny plain,
Involve my hill. And whereſoe'er you build;
Whether on ſun-burnt Epſom, or the plains
Waſh'd by the ſilent Lee; in Chelſea low,
Or high Blackheath with wintry winds aſſail'd;
Dry be your houſe: but airy more than warm.
Elſe every breath of ruder wind will ſtrike
Your tender body thro' with rapid pains;
Fierce coughs will teize you, hoarſeneſs bind your voice,
Or moiſt Gravedo load your aching brows.
Theſe to defy, and all the fates that dwell

In cloiſter'd air tainted with ſteaming life,
Let lofty ceilings grace your ample rooms;
And ſtill at azure noontide may your dome
At every window drink the liquid sky.

Need we the ſunny ſituation here,
And theatres open to the ſouth, commend?
Here, where the morning's miſty breath infeſts
More than the torrid noon? How ſickly grow,
How pale, the plants in thoſe ill-fated vales
That, circled round with the gigantic heap
Of mountains, never felt, nor ever hope
To feel, the genial vigor of the ſun!
While on the neighbouring hill the roſe inflames
The verdant ſpring; in virgin beauty blows
The tender lily, languiſhingly ſweet;
O'er every hedge the wanton woodbine roves,
And autumn ripens in the ſummer's ray.

Nor leſs the warmer living tribes demand
The foſt'ring ſun: whoſe energy divine
Dwells not in mortal fire; whoſe generous heat
Glows thro' the maſs of groſſer elements,
And kindles into life the pond'rous ſpheres.
Chear'd by thy kind invigorating warmth,
We court thy beams, great majeſty of day!
If not the ſoul, the regent of this world,
Firſt born of heaven, and only leſs than God!

THE

# THE

# ART

OF PRESERVING

# HEALTH.

## BOOK II.

# DIET.

# THE ART OF PRESERVING HEALTH.

## BOOK II.

## DIET.

ENough of air. A deſart ſubject now,
Rougher and wilder, riſes to my ſight.
A barren waſte, where not a garland grows
To bind the muſe's brow; not even a proud
Stupendous ſolitude frowns o'er the heath,
To rouſe a noble horror in the ſoul:
But rugged paths fatigue, and error leads
Thro' endleſs labyrinths the devious feet.

Farewel, etherial fields! the humbler arts
Of life; the table and the homely Gods,
Demand my ſong. Elyſian gales adieu!

The blood, the fountain whence the ſpirits flow,
The generous ſtream that waters every part,
And motion, vigor, and warm life conveys
To every particle that moves or lives;
This vital fluid, thro' unnumber'd tubes
Pour'd by the heart, and to the heart again
Refunded; ſcourg'd for ever round and round,
Enrag'd with heat and toil, at laſt forgets
Its balmy nature; virulent and thin
It grows; and now, but that a thouſand gates
Are open to its flight, it would deſtroy
The parts it cheriſh'd and repair'd before.
Beſides, the flexible and tender tubes
Melt in the mildeſt, moſt nectareous tide

That

That ripening nature rolls; as in the ſtream
Its crumbling banks; but what the vital force
Of plaſtic fluids hourly batters down,
That very force, thoſe plaſtic particles
Rebuild: So mutable the ſtate of man.
For this the watchful appetite was giv'n,
Daily with freſh materials to repair
This unavoidable expence of life,
This neceſſary waſte of fleſh and blood.
Hence the concoctive powers, with various art,
Subdue the cruder aliments to chyle;
The chyle to blood; the foamy purple tide
To liquors, which thro' finer arteries
To different parts their winding courſe purſue;
To try new changes, and new forms put on,
Or for the public, or ſome private uſe.

Nothing ſo foreign but th' athletic hind
Can labour into blood. The hungry meal
Alone he fears, or aliments too thin,
By violent powers too eaſily ſubdu'd,
Too ſoon expell'd. His daily labour thaws,
To friendly chyle, the moſt rebellious maſs
That ſalt can harden, or the ſmoke of years;
Nor does his gorge the rancid bacon rue,
Nor that which Ceſtria ſends, tenacious paſte
Of ſolid milk. But ye of ſofter clay
Infirm and delicate! and ye who waſte
With pale and bloated ſloth the tedious day!
Avoid the ſtubborn aliment, avoid
The full repaſt; and let ſagacious age
Grow wiſer, leſſon'd by the dropping teeth.

Half ſubtiliz'd to chyle, the liquid food
Readieſt obeys th' aſſimilating powers;

And ſoon the tender vegetable maſs
Relents; and ſoon the young of thoſe that tread
The ſtedfaſt earth, or cleave the green abyſs,
Or pathleſs sky. And if the Steer muſt fall,
In youth and vigor glorious let him die;
Nor ſtay till rigid age, or heavy ails,
Abſolve him ill-requited from the yoke.
Some with high forage, and luxuriant eaſe,
Indulge the veteran Ox; but wiſer thou,
From the bleak mountain or the barren downs,
Expect the flocks by frugal nature fed;
A race of purer blood, with exerciſe
Refin'd and ſcanty fare: For, old or young,
The ſtall'd are never healthy; nor the cramm'd.
Not all the culinary arts can tame,
To wholſome food, th' abominable growth
Of reſt and gluttony; the prudent taſte
Rejects like bane ſuch loathſome luſciouſneſs.

The

The languid ſtomach curſes even the pure
Delicious fat, and all the race of oil;
For more the oily aliments relax
Its feeble tone; and with the eager lymph
(Fond to incorporate with all it meets)
Coily they mix; and ſhun with ſlippery wiles
The wooed embrace. Th' irreſoluble oil,
So gentle late and blandiſhing, in floods
Of rancid bile o'erflows: What tumults hence,
What horrors riſe, were nauſeous to relate.
Chuſe leaner viands, ye of jovial make!
Chuſe ſober meals; and rouſe to active life
Your cumbrous clay; nor on th' enfeebling down,
Irreſolute, protract the morning hours.
But let the man, whoſe bones are thinly clad,
With chearful eaſe, and ſucculent repaſt
Improve his ſlender habit. Each extreme
From the bleſt mean of ſanity departs.

I could

I could relate what table this demands,
Or that complexion; what the various powers
Of various foods: But fifty years would roll,
And fifty more, before the tale were done.
Besides, there often lurks some nameless, strange,
Peculiar thing; nor on the skin display'd,
Felt in the pulse, nor in the habit seen;
Which finds a poison in the food that most
The temp'rature affects. There are, whose blood
Impetuous rages thro' the turgid veins,
Who better bear the fiery fruits of Ind,
Than the moist Melon, or pale Cucumber.
Of chilly nature others fly the board
Supply'd with slaughter, and the vernal pow'rs
For cooler, kinder, sustenance implore.
Some even the generous nutriment detest
Which, in the shell, the sleeping Embyro rears.
Some, more unhappy still, repent the gifts

Of

MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL. THE TANJORE

Of Pales; ſoft, delicious and benign:
The balmy quinteſcence of every flower,
And every grateful herb that decks the ſpring;
The foſt'ring dew of tender ſprouting life;
The beſt refection of declining age;
The kind reſtorative of thoſe who lie
Half-dead and panting, from the doubtful ſtrife
Of nature ſtruggling in the graſp of death.
Try all the bounties of this fertile globe,
There is not ſuch a ſalutary food,
As ſuits with every ſtomach. But (except,
Amid the mingled maſs of fiſh and fowl,
And boil'd and bak'd, you heſitate by which
You ſunk oppreſs'd, or whether not by all;)
Taught by experience ſoon you may diſcern
What pleaſes, what offends. Avoid the cates
That lull the ſicken'd appetite too long;
Or heave with feveriſh fluſhings all the face,

Burn

Burn in the palms, and parch the roughning tongue;
Or much diminiſh or too much increaſe
Th' expence which nature's wiſe oeconomy,
Without or waſte or avarice, maintains.
Such cates abjur'd, let prouling hunger looſe,
And bid the curious palate roam at will;
They ſcarce can err amid the various ſtores
That burſt the teeming entrails of the world.

Led by ſagacious taſte, the ruthleſs king
Of beaſts on blood and ſlaughter only lives:
The tyger, form'd alike to cruel meals,
Would at the manger ſtarve: Of milder ſeeds,
The generous horſe to herbage and to grain
Confines his wiſh; tho' fabling Greece reſound
The Thracian ſteeds with human carnage wild.
Prompted by inſtinct's never-erring power,
Each creature knows its proper aliment;

But man, th' inhabitant of every clime,
With all the commoners of nature feeds.
Directed, bounded, by this pow'r within,
Their cravings are well-aim'd: Voluptous man
Is by ſuperior faculties miſled;
Miſled from pleaſure even in queſt of joy.
Sated with nature's boons, what thouſands ſeek,
With diſhes tortur'd from their native taſte,
And mad variety, to ſpur beyond
Its wiſer will the jaded appetite!
Is this for pleaſure? Learn a juſter taſte;
And know, that temperance is true luxury.
Or is it pride? Purſue ſome nobler aim.
Diſmiſs your paraſites, who praiſe for hire;
And earn the fair eſteem of honeſt men,
Whoſe praiſe is fame. Form'd of ſuch clay as yours,
The ſick, the needy, ſhiver at your gates.
Even modeſt want may bleſs your hand unſeen,

Tho'

Tho' hush'd in patient wretchedness at home.
Is there no virgin, grac'd with every charm
But that which binds the mercenary vow?
No youth of genius, whose neglected bloom
Unfoster'd sickens in the barren shade?
No worthy man, by fortune's random blows,
Or by a heart too generous and humane,
Constrain'd to leave his happy natal seat,
And sigh for wants more bitter than his own?
There are, while human miseries abound,
A thousand ways to waste superfluous wealth,
Without one fool or flatterer at your board,
Without one hour of sickness or disgust.

But other ills th' ambiguous feast pursue,
Besides provoking the lascivious taste.
Such various foods, tho' harmless each alone,
Each other violate; and oft we see

What ſtrife is brew'd, and what pernicious bane,
From combinations of innoxious things.
Th' unbounded taſte I mean not to confine
To hermit's diet, needleſsly ſevere.
But would you long the ſweets of health enjoy,
Or husband pleaſure; at one impious meal
Exhauſt not half the bounties of the year,
And of each realm. It matters not mean while
How much to morrow differ from to day;
So far indulge: 'tis fit, beſides, that man,
To change obnoxious, be to change inur'd.
But ſtay the curious appetite, and taſte
With caution fruits you never tried before.
For want of uſe the kindeſt aliment
Sometimes offends; while cuſtom tames the rage
Of poiſon to mild amity with life.

So

So heav'n has form'd us to the general taste
Of all its gifts; so custom has improv'd
This bent of nature; that few simple foods,
Of all that earth, or air, or ocean yield,
But by excess offend. Beyond the sense
Of light refection, at the genial board
Indulge not often; nor protract the feast
To dull satiety; till soft and slow
A drowzy death creeps on, th' expansive soul
Oppress'd, and smother'd the celestial fire.
The stomach, urg'd beyond its active tone,
Hardly to nutrimental chyle subdues
The softest food: unfinish'd and deprav'd;
The chyle, in all its future wand'rings, owns
Its turbid fountain; not by purer streams
So to be clear'd, but foulness will remain.
To sparkling wine what ferment can exalt
Th' unripen'd grape? Or what mechanic skill

From

From the crude ore can ſpin the ductile gold?
Groſs riot treaſures up a wealthy fund
Of plagues: but more immedicable ills
Attend the lean extreme. For phyſic knows
How to disburden the too tumid veins,
Even how to ripen the half-labour'd blood;
But to unlock the elemental tubes,
Collaps'd and ſhrunk with long inanity,
And with balſamic nutriment repair
The dried and worn-out habit, were to bid
Old age grow green, and wear a ſecond ſpring;
Or the tall aſh, long raviſh'd from the ſoil,
Thro' wither'd veins imbibe the vernal dew.
When hunger calls, obey; nor often wait
Till hunger ſharpen to corroſive pain:
For the keen appetite will feaſt beyond
What nature well can bear; and one extreme
Ne'er without danger meets its own reverſe.

Too greedily th' exhaufted veins abforb
The recent chyle, and load enfeebled powers
Oft to th' extinction of the vital flame.
To the pale cities, by the firm-fet fiege
And famine humbled, may this verfe be borne;
And hear, ye hardieft fons that Albion breeds,
Long tofs'd and famifh'd on the wintry main;
The war fhook off, or hofpitable fhore
Attain'd, with temperance bear the fhock of joy;
Nor crown with feftive rites th' aufpicious day:
Such feaft might prove more fatal than the waves,
Than war, or famine. While the vital fire
Burns feebly, heap not the green fuel on;
But prudently foment the wandering fpark
With what the fooneft feels its kindred touch:
Be frugal ev'n of that: a little give
At firft; that kindled, add a little more;

Till,

Till, by deliberate nouriſhing, the flame
Reviv'd, with all its wonted vigor glows.

But tho' the two (the full and the jejune)
Extremes have each their vice; it much avails
Ever with gentle tide to ebb and flow
From this to that: So nature learns to bear
Whatever chance or headlong appetite
May bring. Beſides, a meagre day ſubdues
The cruder clods by ſloth or luxury
Collected; and unloads the wheels of life.
Sometimes a coy averſion to the feaſt
Comes on, while yet no blacker omen lours;
Then is a time to ſhun the tempting board,
Were it your natal or your nuptial day.
Perhaps a faſt ſo ſeaſonable ſtarves
The latent ſeeds of woe, which rooted once
Might coſt you labour. But the day return'd

Of festal luxury, the wise indulge
Most in the tender vegetable breed:
Then chiefly when the summer's beams inflame
The brazen heavens; or angry Syrius sheds
A feverish taint thro' the still gulph of air.
The moist cool viands then, and flowing cup
From the fresh dairy-virgin's liberal hand,
Will save your head from harm, tho' round the world
The dreaded * Causos roll his wasteful fires.
Pale humid Winter loves the generous board,
The meal more copious, and a warmer fare;
And longs, with old wood and old wine, to cheer
His quaking heart. The seasons which divide
Th' empires of heat and cold; by neither claim'd,
Influenc'd by both; a middle regimen

* The burning fever.

Impoſe. Thro' autumn's languiſhing domain
Deſcending, nature by degrees invites
To glowing luxury. But from the depth
Of winter, when th' invigorated year
Emerges; when Favonius fluſh'd with love,
Toyful and young, in every breeze deſcends
More warm and wanton on his kindling bride;
Then, ſhepherds, then begin to ſpare your flocks;
And learn, with wiſe humanity, to check
The luſt of blood. Now pregnant earth commits
A various offspring to th' indulgent sky:
Now bounteous nature feeds with laviſh hand
The prone creation; yields what once ſuffic'd
Their dainty ſovereign, when the world was young;
E're yet the barbarous thirſt of blood had ſeiz'd
The human breaſt. Each rolling month matures
The food that ſuits it moſt; ſo does each clime.

Far

Far in the horrid realms of winter, where
Th' establish'd ocean heaps a monstrous waste
Of shining rocks and mountains to the pole;
There lives a hardy race, whose plainest wants
Relentless earth, their cruel step-mother,
Regards not. On the waste of iron fields,
Untam'd, untractable, no harvests wave:
Pomona hates them, and the clownish God
Who tends the garden. In this frozen world
Such cooling gifts were vain: a fitter meal
Is earn'd with ease; for here the fruitful spawn
Of Ocean swarms, and heaps their genial board
With generous fare and luxury profuse.
These are their bread, the only bread they know;
These, and their willing slave the deer, that crops
The shrubby herbage on their meager hills.
Girt by the burning zone, not thus the south
Her swarthy sons, in either Ind, maintains:

Or thirſty Lybia; from whoſe fervid loins
The lion burſts, and every fiend that roams
Th' affrighted wilderneſs. The mountain herd,
Aduſt and dry, no ſweet repaſt affords;
Nor does the tepid main ſuch kinds produce,
So perfect, ſo delicious, as the ſtores
Of icy Zembla. Raſhly where the blood
Brews feveriſh frays; where ſcarce the tubes ſuſtain
Its tumid fervor and tempeſtuous courſe;
Kind nature tempts not to ſuch gifts as theſe.
But here in livid ripeneſs melts the grape;
Here, finiſh'd by invigorating ſuns,
Thro' the green ſhade the golden Orange glows;
Spontaneous here the turgid Melon yields
A generous pulp; the Coco ſwells on high
With milky riches; and in horrid mail
The ſoft Ananas wraps its tender ſweets.
Earth's vaunted progeny: In ruder air

Too coy to flouriſh, even to proud to live;
Or hardly rais'd by artificial fire
To vapid life. Here with a mother's ſmile
Glad Amalthea pours her copious horn.
Here buxom Ceres reigns: Th' autumnal ſea
In boundleſs billows fluctuates o'er their plains.
What ſuits the climate beſt, what ſuits the men,
Nature profuſes moſt, and moſt the taſte
Demands. The fountain, edg'd with racy wine
Or acid fruit, bedews their thirſty ſouls.
The breeze eternal breathing round their limbs
Supports in elſe intolerable air:
While the cool Palm, the Plantain, and the grove
That waves on gloomy Lebanon, aſſuage
The torrid hell that beams upon their heads.

Now come, ye Naiads, to the fountains lead;
Now let me wander thro' your gelid reign.

I burn

I burn to view th' enthuſiaſtic wilds
By mortal elſe untrod. I hear the din
Of waters thundering o'er the ruin'd cliffs.
With holy rev'rence I approach the rocks
Whence glide the ſtreams renown'd in ancient ſong.
Here from the deſart down the rumbling ſteep
Firſt ſprings the Nile; here burſts the ſounding Po
In angry waves; Euphrates hence devolves
A mighty flood to water half the Eaſt;
And there, in Gothic ſolitude reclin'd,
The chearleſs Tanais pours his hoary urn.
What ſolemn twilight! What ſtupendous ſhades
Enwarp theſe infant floods! Thro' every nerve
A ſacred horror thrills, a pleaſing fear
Glides o'er my frame. The foreſt deepens round
And more gigantic ſtill th' impending trees

Stretch

Stretch their extravagant arms athwart the gloom.
Are theſe the confines of ſome fairy world?
A land of Genii? Say, beyond theſe wilds
What unknown nations? If indeed beyond
Aught habitable lies. And whither leads,
To what ſtrange regions, or of bliſs or pain,
That ſubterraneous way? Propitious maids,
Conduct me, while with fearful ſteps I tread
This trembling ground. The task remains to ſing
Your gifts, (ſo Pæon, ſo the powers of health
Command) to praiſe your chryſtal element:
The chief ingredient in heaven's various works;
Whoſe flexile genius ſparkles in the gem,
Grows firm in oak, and fugitive in wine;
The vehicle, the ſource, of nutriment
And life, to all that vegitate or live.

O comfortable ſtreams! With eager lips
And trembling hand the languid thirſty quaff
New life in you; freſh vigor fills their veins.
No warmer cups the rural ages knew;
None warmer ſought the ſires of human-kind.
Happy in temperate peace! Their equal days
Felt not th' alternate fits of feveriſh mirth,
And ſick dejection. Still ſerene and pleas'd,
They knew no pains but what the tender ſoul
With pleaſure yields to, and would ne'er forget.
Bleſt with divine immunity from ails,
Long centuries they liv'd; their only fate
Was ripe old age, and rather ſleep than death.
Oh! could thoſe worthies from the world of Gods
Return to viſit their degenerate ſons,
How would they ſcorn the joys of modern time,
With all our art and toil improv'd to pain!

Too happy they! But wealth brought luxury,
And luxury on ſloth begot diſeaſe.

Learn temperance, friends; and hear without
diſdain
The choice of water. Thus the * Coan ſage
Opin'd, and thus the learn'd of every ſchool.
What leaſt of foreign principles partakes
Is beſt: The lighteſt then; what bears the touch
Of fire the leaſt, and ſooneſt mounts in air;
The moſt inſipid; the moſt void of ſmell.
Such the rude mountain from his horrid ſides
Pours down; ſuch waters in the ſandy vale
For ever boil, alike of winter froſts
And ſummer's heat ſecure. The lucid ſtream,
O'er rocks reſounding, or for many a mile
Hurl'd down the pebbly channel, wholeſome yields

* Hippocrates.

And mellow draughts; except when winter thaws,
And half the mountains melt into the tide.
Tho' thirſt were ne'er ſo reſolute, avoid
The ſordid lake, and all ſuch drowſy floods
As fill from Lethe Belgia's ſlow canals;
(With reſt corrupt, with vegetation green;
Squalid with generation, and the birth
Of little monſters;) till the power of fire
Has from profane embraces diſengag'd
The violated lymph. The virgin ſtream
In boiling waſtes its finer ſoul in air.

Nothing like ſimple element dilutes
The food, or gives the chyle ſo ſoon to flow.
But where the ſtomach, indolently given,
Toys with its duty, animate with wine
Th' inſipid ſtream: Tho' golden Ceres yields

A more voluptuous, a more ſprightly draught;
Perhaps more active. Wine unmix'd, and all
The gluey floods that from the vex'd abyſs
Of fermentation ſpring; with ſpirit fraught,
And furious with intoxicating fire;
Retard concoction, and preſerve unthaw'd
Th' embodied maſs. You ſee what countleſs years,
Embalm'd in fiery quinteſcence of wine,
The puny wonders of the reptile world,
The tender rudiments of life, the ſlim
Unrav'lings of minute anatomy,
Maintain their texture, and unchang'd remain!

We curſe not wine: The vile exceſs we blame;
More fruitful, than th' accumulated board,
Of pain and miſery. For the ſubtle draught
Faſter and ſurer ſwells the vital tide;
And with more active poiſon, than the floods



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Of groſſer crudity convey, pervades
The far-remote meanders of our frame.
Ah! ſly deceiver! Branded o'er and o'er,
Yet ſtill believ'd! Exulting o'er the wreck
Of ſober Vows! But the Parnaſſian maids
Another time perhaps ſhall ſing the joys,
The fatal charms, the many woes of wine;
Perhaps its various tribes, and various powers.

Meantime, I would not always dread the bowl,
Nor every treſpaſs ſhun. The feveriſh ſtrife,
Rous'd by the rare debauch, ſubdues, expells
The loitering crudities, that burthen life;
And, like a torrent full and rapid, clears
Th' obſtructed tubes. Beſides, this reſtleſs world
Is full of chances, which by habit's power
To learn to bear is eaſier than to ſhun.
Ah! when ambition, meagre love of gold,

Or

Or ſacred country calls, with mellowing wine
To moiſten well the thirſty ſuffrages;
Say how, unſeaſon'd to the midnight frays
Of Comus and his rout, wilt thou contend
With Centaurs long to hardy deeds inur'd?
Then learn to revel; but by ſlow degrees:
By ſlow degrees the liberal arts are won;
And Hercules grew ſtrong. But when you ſmooth
The brows of care, indulge your feſtive vein
In cups by well-inform'd experience found
The leaſt your bane; and only with your friends.
There are ſweet follies, frailties to be ſeen
By friends alone, and men of generous minds.

Oh! ſeldom may the fated hours return
Of drinking deep! I would not daily taſte,
Except when life declines, even ſober cups.

Weak

Weak withering age no rigid law forbids,
With frugal nectar, ſmooth and ſlow with balm,
The ſapleſs habit daily to bedew,
And give the heſitating wheels of life
Gliblier to play. But youth has better joys;
And is it wiſe when youth with pleaſure flows,
To ſquander the reliefs of age and pain?

What dext'rous thouſands juſt within the goal
Of wild debauch direct their nightly courſe!
Perhaps no ſickly qualms bedim their days,
No morning admonitions ſhock the head.
But ah! what woes remain! Life rolls apace,
And that incurable diſeaſe old age,
In youthful bodies more ſeverely felt,
More ſternly active, ſhakes their blaſted prime:
Except kind nature by ſome haſty blow

Prevent

Prevent the lingering fates. For know, whate'er
Beyond its natural fervor hurries on
The fanguine tide; whether the frequent bowl,
High-feafon'd fare, or exercife to toil
Protracted; fpurs to its laft ftage tir'd life,
And fows the temples with untimely fnow.
When life is new, the ductile fibres feel
The heart's increafing force; and, day by day,
The growth advances; till the larger tubes,
Acquiring (from their * elemental veins,
Condens'd to folid chords) a firmer tone,

* In the human body, as well as in thofe of other animals, the larger blood-veffels are compofed of fmaller ones; which, by the violent motion and preffure of the fluids in the large veffels, lofe their cavities by degrees, and degenerate into impervious chords or fibres. In proportion as thefe fmall veffels become folid, the larger muft of courfe grow lefs extenfile, more rigid, and make a ftronger refiftance to the action of the heart, and force of the blood. From this gradual condenfation of the fmaller veffels, and confequent rigidity of the larger ones, the progrefs of the human body from infancy to old age is accounted for.

Suftain,

Suſtain, and juſt ſuſtain, th' impetuous blood.
Here ſtops the growth. With overbearing pulſe
And preſſure, ſtill the great deſtroy the ſmall;
Still with the ruins of the ſmall grow ſtrong.
Life glows mean time, amid the grinding force
Of viſcous fluids and elaſtic tubes;
Its various functions vigorouſly are plied
By ſtrong machinery; and in ſolid health
The man confirm'd long triumphs o'er diſeaſe.
But the full ocean ebbs: There is a point,
By nature fix'd, whence life muſt downwards tend.
For ſtill the beating tide conſolidates
The ſtubborn veſſels, more reluctant ſtill,
To the weak throbbings of th' enfeebled heart.
This languiſhing, theſe ſtrengthning by degrees
To hard unyielding unelaſtic bone,
Thro' tedious channels the congealing flood

Crawls lazily, and hardly wanders on;
It loiters ſtill: And now it ſtirs no more.
This is the period few attain; the death
Of nature: Thus (ſo heav'n ordain'd it) life
Deſtroys itſelf; and could theſe laws have chang'd,
Neſtor might now the fates of Troy relate;
And Homer live immortal as his ſong.

What does not fade? The tower that long had ſtood
The cruſh of thunder, and the warring winds,
Shook by the ſlow but ſure deſtroyer Time,
Now hangs in doubtful ruins o'er its baſe.
And flinty pyramids, and walls of braſs,
Deſcend; the Babylonian ſpires are ſunk;
Achaia, Rome, and Egypt moulder down.
Time ſhakes the ſtable tyranny of thrones,

And tottering empires ruſh by their own weight.
This huge rotundity we tread grows old;
And all thoſe worlds that roll around the ſun,
The ſun himſelf, ſhall die; and ancient Night
Again involve the deſolate abyſs:
Till the great FATHER thro' the lifeleſs gloom
Extend his arm to light another world,
And bid new planets roll by other laws.
For thro' the regions of unbounded ſpace,
Where unconfin'd omnipotence has room,
BEING, in various ſyſtems, fluctuates ſtill
Between creation and abhorr'd decay;
It ever did; perhaps and ever will.
New worlds are ſtill emerging from the deep;
The old deſcending, in their turns to riſe.

# THE

# ART

OF PRESERVING

# HEALTH.

## BOOK III.

# EXERCISE.

# THE ART OF PRESERVING HEALTH.

## BOOK III.

## EXERCISE.

THro' various toils th' adventurous muſe has paſt;
But half the toil, and more than half, remains.
Rude is her theme, and hardly fit for ſong;
Plain, and of little ornament; and I
But little practis'd in th' Aonian arts.
Yet not in vain ſuch labours have we tried,
If ought theſe lays the fickle health confirm.

To

To you, ye delicate, I write; for you
I tame my youth to philoſophic cares,
And grow ſtill paler by the midnight lamps.
Not to debilitate with timorous rules
A hardy frame; nor needleſly to brave
Unglorious dangers, proud of mortal ſtrength;
Is all the leſſon that in wholſome years
Concerns the ſtrong. His care were ill beſtow'd
Who would with warm effeminacy nurſe
The thriving oak, which on the mountain's brow
Bears all the blaſts that ſweep the wintry heav'n.

Behold the labourer of the glebe, who toils
In duſt, in rain, in cold and ſultry skies:
Save but the grain from mildews and the flood,
Nought anxious he what ſickly ſtars aſcend.
He knows no laws by Eſculapius given;
He ſtudies none. Yet him nor midnight fogs
Infeſt,

Infeſt, nor thoſe envenom'd ſhafts that fly
When rabid Sirius fires th' autumnal noon.
His habit pure with plain and temperate meals,
Robuſt with labour, and by cuſtom ſteel'd
To every caſualty of varied life;
Serene he bears the peeviſh eaſtern blaſt,
And uninfected breaths the mortal South.

Such the reward of rude and ſober life;
Of labour ſuch. By health the peaſant's toil
Is well repaid; if exerciſe were pain
Indeed, and temperance pain. By arts like theſe
Laconia nurs'd of old her hardy ſons;
And Rome's unconquer'd legions urg'd their way,
Unhurt, thro' every toil in every clime.

Toil, and be ſtrong. By toil the flaccid nerves
Grow firm, and gain a more compacted tone;

The greener juices are by toil ſubdu'd,
Mellow'd, and ſubtilis'd; the vapid old
Expell'd, and all the rancor of the blood.
Come, my companions, ye who feel the charms
Of nature and the year; come, let us ſtray
Where chance or fancy leads our roving walk:
Come, while the ſoft voluptuous breezes fan
The fleecy heavens, enwrap the limbs in balm,
And ſhed a charming languor o'er the ſoul.
Nor when bright Winter ſows with prickly froſt
The vigorous ether, in unmanly warmth
Indulge at home; nor even when Eurus' blaſts
This way and that convolve the lab'ring woods.
My liberal walks, ſave when the skies in rain
Or fogs relent, no ſeaſon ſhould confine
Or to the cloiſter'd gallery or arcade.
Go, climb the mountain; from th' etherial ſource
Imbibe the recent gale. The chearful morn

Beams

Beams o'er the hills; go, mount th' exulting ſteed,
Already, ſee, the deep-mouth'd beagles catch
The tainted mazes; and, on eager ſport
Intent, with emulous impatience try
Each doubtful track. Or, if a nobler prey
Delight you more, go chaſe the deſperate deer;
And thro' its deepeſt ſolitudes awake
The vocal foreſt with the jovial horn.

But if the breathleſs chaſe o'er hill and dale
Exceed your ſtrength; a ſport of leſs fatigue,
Not leſs delightful, the prolific ſtream
Affords. The chryſtal rivulet, that o'er
A ſtony channel rolls its rapid maze,
Swarms with the ſilver fry. Such, thro' the bounds
Of paſtoral Stafford, runs the brawling Trent;
Such Eden, ſprung from Cumbrian mountains; ſuch

The Eſk, o'erhung with woods; and ſuch the ſtream
On whoſe Arcadian banks I firſt drew air,
Liddal; till now, except in Doric lays
Tun'd to her murmurs by her love-ſick ſwains,
Unknown in ſong: Tho' not a purer ſtream,
Thro' meads more flow'ry, or more romantic groves,
Rolls toward the weſtern main. Hail ſacred flood!
May ſtill thy hoſpitable ſwains be bleſt
In rural innocence; thy mountains ſtill
Teem with the fleecy race; thy tuneful woods
For ever flouriſh; and thy vales look gay
With painted meadows, and the golden grain!
Oft, with thy blooming ſons, when life was new,
Sportive and petulant, and charm'd with toys,
In thy tranſparent eddies have I lav'd:
Oft trac'd with patient ſteps thy fairy banks,

With

With the well-imitated fly to hook
The eager trout, and with the ſlender line
And yielding rod ſollicite to the ſhore
The ſtruggling panting prey; while vernal clouds
And tepid gales obſcur'd the ruffled pool,
And from the deeps call'd forth the wanton ſwarms.

Form'd on the Samian ſchool, or thoſe of Ind,
There are who think theſe paſtimes ſcarce humane.
Yet in my mind (and not relentleſs I)
His life is pure that wears no fouler ſtains.
But if thro' genuine tenderneſs of heart,
Or ſecret want of reliſh for the game,
You ſhun the glories of the chace, nor care
To haunt the peopled ſtream; the garden yields
A ſoft amuſement, an humane delight.
To raiſe th' inſipid nature of the ground;

Or tame its ſavage genius to the grace
Of careleſs ſweet ruſticity, that ſeems
The amiable reſult of happy chance,
Is to create; and gives a god-like joy,
Which every year improves. Nor thou diſdain
To check the lawleſs riot of the trees,
To plant the grove, or turn the barren mould.
O happy he! whom, when his years decline,
(His fortune and his fame by worthy means
Attain'd, and equal to his moderate mind;
His life approv'd by all the wiſe and good,
Even envied by the vain) the peaceful groves
Of Epicurus, from this ſtormy world,
Receive to reſt; of all ungrateful cares
Abſolv'd, and ſacred from the ſelfiſh crowd.
Happieſt of men! if the ſame ſoil invites
A choſen few, companions of his youth,
Once fellow-rakes perhaps, now rural friends;

With

With whom in easy commerce to pursue
Nature's free charms, and vie for sylvan fame:
A fair ambition; void of strife or guile,
Or jealousy, or pain to be outdone.
Who plans th' enchanted garden, who directs
The visto best, and best conducts the stream;
Whose groves the fastest thicken and ascend;
Whom first the welcome spring salutes; who shews
The earliest bloom, the sweetest proudest charms,
Of Flora; who best gives Pomona's juice
To match the sprightly genius of Champain.
Thrice happy days! in rural business past.
Blest winter nights! when, as the genial fire
Chears the wide hall, his cordial family
With soft domestic arts the hours beguile,
And pleasing talk that starts no timerous fame,
With witless wantoness to hunt it down:

Or thro' the fairy-land of tale or ſong
Delighted wander, in fictitious fates
Engag'd, and all that ſtrikes humanity;
Till loſt in fable, they the ſtealing hour
Of timely reſt forget. Sometimes, at eve,
His neighbours lift the latch, and bleſs unbid
His feſtal roof; while, o'er the light repaſt,
And ſprightly cups, they mix in ſocial joy;
And, thro' the maze of converſation, trace
Whate'er amuſes or improves the mind.
Sometimes at eve (for I delight to taſte
The native zeſt and flavour of the fruit,
Where ſenſe grows wild, and takes of no manure)
The decent, honeſt, chearful husbandman
Should drown his labours in my friendly bowl;
And at my table find himſelf at home.

What-

Whate'er you study, in whate'er you sweat,
Indulge your taste. Some love the manly foils;
The tennis some; and some the graceful dance.
Others, more hardy, range the purple heath,
Or naked stubble; where from field to field
The sounding coveys urge their labouring flight;
Eager amid the rising cloud to pour
The gun's unerring thunder: And there are
Whom still the* meed of the green archer charms.
He chuses best, whose labour entertains
His vacant fancy most: The toil you hate
Fatigues you soon, and scarce improves your limbs.

As beauty still has blemish; and the mind
The most accomplish'd its imperfect side;
Few bodies are there of that happy mould

* This word is much used by some of the old English poets, and signifies *Reward* or *Prize*.

But

But ſome one part is weaker than the reſt:
The legs, perhaps, or arms refuſe their load,
Or the cheſt labours. Theſe aſſiduouſly,
But gently, in their proper arts employ'd,
Acquire a vigor and elaſtic ſpring
To which they were not born. But weaker parts
Abhor fatigue and violent diſcipline.

Begin with gentle toils; and, as your nerves
Grow firm, to hardier by juſt ſteps aſpire.
The prudent, even in every moderate walk,
At firſt but ſaunter; and by ſlow degrees
Increaſe their pace. This doctrine of the wiſe
Well knows the maſter of the flying ſteed.
Firſt from the goal the manag'd courſers play
On bended reins; as yet the skilful youth
Repreſs their foamy pride; but every breath
The race grows warmer, and the tempeſt ſwells;

Till

Till all the fiery mettle has its way,
And the thick thunder hurries o'er the plain.
When all at once from indolence to toil
You ſpring, the fibres by the haſty ſhock
Are tir'd and crack'd, before their unctuous coats,
Compreſs'd, can pour the lubricating balm.
Beſides, collected in the paſſive veins,
The purple maſs a ſudden torrent rolls,
O'erpowers the heart, and deluges the lungs
With dangerous inundation: Oft the ſource
Of fatal woes; a cough that foams with blood,
Aſthma, and feller * Peripneumonie,
Or the ſlow minings of the hectic fire.

Th' athletic fool, to whom what heav'n deny'd
Of ſoul is well compenſated in limbs,

* The inflammation of the lungs.



MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARAS

Oft from his rage, or brainlefs frolic, feels
His vegetation and brute force decay.
The men of better clay and finer mould
Know nature, feel the human dignity;
And fcorn to vie with oxen or with apes.
Purfued prolixly, even the gentleft toil
Is wafte of health: Repofe by fmall fatigue
Is earn'd; and (where your habit is not prone
To thaw) by the firft moifture of the brows.
The fine and fubtle fpirits coft too much
To be profus'd, too much the rofcid balm.
But when the hard varieties of life
You toil to learn; or try the dufty chace,
Or the warm deeds of fome important day:
Hot from the field, indulge not yet your limbs
In wifh'd repofe, nor court the fanning gale,
Nor tafte the fpring. O! by the facred tears
Of widows, orphans, mothers, fifters, fires,

Forbear!

Forbear! No other peſtilence has driven
Such myriads o'er th' irremeable deep.
Why this ſo fatal, the ſagacious muſe
Thro' nature's cunning labyrinths could trace:
But there are ſecrets which who knows not now,
Muſt, ere he reach them, climb the heapy Alps
Of ſcience; and devote ſeven years to toil.
Beſides, I would not ſtun your patient ears
With what it little boots you to attain.
He knows enough, the mariner, who knows
Where lurk the ſhelves, and where the whirlpools
boil,
What ſigns portend the ſtorm: To ſubtler minds
He leaves to ſcan, from what myſterious cauſe
Charybdis rages in th' Ionian wave;
Whence thoſe impetuous currents in the main,
Which neither oar nor ſail can ſtem; and why

The roughning deep expects the ſtorm, as ſure
As red Orion mounts the ſhrowded heaven.

In ancient times, when Rome with Athens vied
For poliſh'd luxury and uſeful arts;
All hot and reeking from th' Olympic ſtriſe,
And warm Paleſtra, in the tepid bath
Th' athletic youth relax'd their weary'd limbs.
Soft oils bedew'd them, with the grateful pow'rs
Of Nard and Caſſia fraught, to ſooth and heal
The cheriſh'd nerves. Our leſs voluptuous clime
Not much invites us to ſuch arts as theſe.
'Tis not for thoſe, whom gelid skies embrace,
And chilling fogs; whoſe perſpiration feels
Such frequent bars from Eurus and the North;
'Tis not for thoſe to cultivate a skin
Too ſoft; or teach the recremental fume
Too faſt to crowd thro' ſuch precarious ways.

For

For thro' the ſmall arterial mouths, that pierce
In endleſs millions the cloſe-woven skin,
The baſer fluids in a conſtant ſtream
Eſcape, and viewleſs melt into the winds.
While this eternal, this moſt copious waſte
Of blood degenerate into vapid brine,
Maintains its wonted meaſure; all the powers
Of health befriend you, all the wheels of life
With eaſe and pleaſure move: But this reſtrain'd
Or more or leſs, ſo more or leſs you feel
The functions labour. From this fatal ſource
What woes deſcend is never to be ſung.
To take their numbers, were to count the ſands
That ride in whirlwind the parch'd Lybian air;
Or waves that, when the bluſtering North embroils
The Baltic, thunder on the German ſhore.
Subject not then, by ſoft emollient arts,
This grand expence, on which your fates depend,

To

To every caprice of the sky; nor thwart
The genius of your clime: For from the blood
Leaſt fickle riſe the recremental ſteams,
And leaſt obnoxious to the ſtyptic air,
Which breathe thro' ſtraiter and more callous pores.
The temper'd Scythian hence, half-naked treads
His boundleſs ſnows, nor rues th' inclement heaven;
And hence our painted anceſtors defied
The Eaſt; nor curs'd, like us, their fickle sky.

The body moulded by the clime, indures
Th' Equator heats, or Hyperborean froſt:
Except by habits foreign to its turn,
Unwiſe, you counteract its forming pow'r.
Rude at the firſt, the winter ſhocks you leſs
By long acquaintance: Study then your sky,
Form to its manners your obſequious frame,
And learn to ſuffer what you cannot ſhun.

Againſt the rigors of a damp cold heav'n
To fortify their bodies, ſome frequent
The gelid ciſtern; and, where nought forbids,
I praiſe their dauntleſs heart. A frame ſo ſteel'd
Dreads not the cough, nor thoſe ungenial blaſts,
That breathe the Tertian or fell Rheumatiſm;
The nerves ſo temper'd never quit their tone,
No chronic languors haunt ſuch hardy breaſts.
But all things have their bounds: And he who makes
By daily uſe the kindeſt regimen
Eſſential to his health, ſhould never mix
With human kind, nor art nor trade purſue.
He not the ſafe viciſſitudes of life
Without ſome ſhock endures; ill-fitted he
To want the known, or bear unuſual things.
Beſides, the powerful remedies of pain
(Since pain in ſpite of all our care will come)
Should never with your proſperous days of health

Grow too familiar: For by frequent uſe
The ſtrongeſt medicines loſe their healing power,
And even the ſureſt poiſons theirs to kill.

Let thoſe who from the frozen Arctos reach
Parch'd Mauritania, or the ſultry Weſt,
Or the wide flood that waters Indoſtan,
Plunge thrice a day, and in the tepid wave
Untwiſt their ſtubborn pores; that full and free
Th' evaporation thro' the ſoftned skin
May bear proportion to the ſwelling blood.
So ſhall they 'ſcape the fever's rapid flames;
So feel untainted the hot breath of hell.
With us, the man of no complaint demands
The warm ablution, juſt enough to clear
The ſluices of the skin, enough to keep
The body ſacred from indecent ſoil.
Still to be pure, even did it not conduce

(As much it does) to health, were greatly worth
Your daily pains. 'Tis this adorns the rich;
The want of this is poverty's worst woe;
With this external virtue, age maintains
A decent grace; without it, youth and charms
Are loathsome. This the skilful virgin knows:
So doubtless do your wives. For married sires,
As well as lovers, still pretend to taste;
Nor is it less (all prudent wives can tell)
To lose a husband's, than a lover's heart.

But now the hours and seasons when to toil,
From foreign themes recall my wandering song.
Some labour fasting, or but slightly fed,
To lull the grinding stomach's hungry rage:
Where nature feeds too corpulent a frame
'Tis wisely done. For while the thirsty veins,
Impatient of lean penury, devour

The treaſur'd oil, then is the happieſt time
To ſhake the lazy balſam from its cells.
Now while the ſtomach from the full repaſt
Subſides; but ere returning hunger gnaws;
Ye leaner habits give an hour to toil:
And ye whom no luxuriancy of growth
Oppreſſes yet, or threatens to oppreſs.
But from the recent meal no labours pleaſe,
Of limbs or mind. For now the cordial powers
Claim all the wandering ſpirits to a work
Of ſtrong and ſubtle toil, and great event;
A work of time: and you may rue the day
You hurried, with ill-ſeaſoned exerciſe,
A half concocted chyle into the blood.
The body overcharg'd with unctuous phlegm
Much toil demands: The lean elaſtic leſs.
While winter chills the blood, and binds the veins,
No labours are too hard: By thoſe you 'ſcape

The

The ſlow diſeaſes of the torpid year;
Endleſs to name; to one of which alone,
To that which tears the nerves, the toil of ſlaves
Is pleaſure: Oh! from ſuch inhuman pains
May all be free who merit not the wheel!
But from the burning Lion when the ſun
Pours down his ſultry wrath; now while the blood
Too much already maddens in the veins,
And all the finer fluids thro' the skin
Explore their flight; me, near the cool caſcade
Reclin'd, or ſauntring in the lofty grove,
No needleſs ſlight occaſion ſhould engage
To pant and ſweat beneath the fiery noon.
Now the freſh morn alone and mellow eve
To ſhady walks and active rural ſports
Invite. But, while the chilling dews deſcend,
May nothing tempt you to the cold embrace
Of humid skies: Tho' 'tis no vulgar joy

To trace the horrors of the ſolemn wood,
While the ſoft evening ſaddens into night:
Tho' the ſweet poet of the vernal groves
Melts all the night in ſtrains of amorous woe.

The ſhades deſcend, and midnight o'er the world
Expands her ſable wings. Great nature droops
Thro' all her works. Now happy he whoſe toil
Has o'er his languid powerleſs limbs diffus'd
A pleaſing laſſitude: He not in vain
Invokes the gentle deity of dreams.
His powers the moſt voluptuouſly diſſolve
In ſoft repoſe: On him the balmy dews
Of ſleep with double nutriment deſcend.
But would you ſweetly waſte the blank of night
In deep oblivion; or on fancy's wings
Viſit the paradiſe of happy dreams,

And waken chearful as the lively morn;
Oppreſs not nature ſinking down to reſt
With feaſts too late, too ſolid, or too full.
But be the firſt concoction half-matur'd,
Ere you to mighty indolence reſign
Your paſſive faculties. He from the toils
And troubles of the day to heavier toil
Retires, whom trembling from the tower that rocks
Amid the clouds, or Calpe's hideous height,
The buſy dæmons hurl, or in the main
O'erwhelm, or bury ſtruggling under ground.
Not all a monarch's luxury the woes
Can counterpoiſe, of that moſt wretched man,
Whoſe nights are ſhaken with the frantic fits
Of wild Oreſtes; whoſe delirious brain,
Stung by the furies, works with poiſoned thought:
While pale and monſtrous painting ſhocks the ſoul;
And mangled conſciouſneſs bemoans itſelf

For

For ever torn; and chaos floating round.
What dreams presage, what dangers these or those
Portend to sanity, tho' prudent seers
Reveal'd of old, and men of deathless fame;
We would not to the superstitious mind
Suggest new throbs, new vanities of fear.
'Tis ours to teach you from the peaceful night
To banish omens, and all restless woes.

In study some protract the silent hours,
Which others consecrate to mirth and wine;
And sleep till noon, and hardly live till night.
But surely this redeems not from the shades
One hour of life. Nor does it nought avail
What season you to drowsy Morpheus give
Of th' ever-varying circle of the day;
Or whether, thro' the tedious winter gloom,
You tempt the midnight or the morning damps.

The

The body, freſh and vigorous from repoſe,
Defies the early fogs: but, by the toils
Of wakeful day, exhauſted and unſtrung,
Weakly reſiſts the nights unwholſome breath.
The grand diſcharge, th' effuſion of the skin,
Slowly impair'd, the languid maladies
Creep on, and thro' the ſickning functions ſteal.
So, when the chilling Eaſt invades the ſpring,
The delicate Narciſſus pines away
In hectic languor; and a ſlow diſeaſe
Taints all the family of flowers, condemn'd
To cruel heav'ns. But why, already prone
To fade, ſhould beauty cheriſh its own bane?
O ſhame! O pity! nipt with pale Quadrille,
And midnight cares, the bloom of Albion dies!

By toil ſubdu'd, the Warrior and the Hind
Sleep faſt and deep; their active functions ſoon

With generous ſtreams the ſubtle tubes ſupply,
And ſoon the tonick irritable nerves
Feel the freſh impulſe, and awake the ſoul.
The ſons of indolence, with long repoſe,
Grow torpid; and, with ſloweſt Lethe drunk,
Feebly and lingringly return to life,
Blunt every ſenſe and powerleſs every limb.
Ye, prone to ſleep (whom ſleeping moſt annoys)
On the hard mattraſs or elaſtic couch
Extend your limbs, and wean yourſelves from ſloth;
Nor grudge the lean projector, of dry brain
And ſpringy nerves, the blandiſhments of down.
Nor envy while the buried bacchanal
Exhales his ſurfeit in prolixer dreams.

He without riot, in the balmy feaſt
Of life, the wants of nature has ſupplied
Who riſes cool, ſerene, and full of ſoul.

But

But pliant nature more or leſs demands,
As cuſtom forms her; and all ſudden change
She hates of habit, even from bad to good.
If faults in life, or new emergencies,
From habits urge you by long time confirm'd,
Slow may the change arrive, and ſtage by ſtage;
Slow as the ſhadow o'er the dial moves,
Slow as the ſtealing progreſs of the year.

Obſerve the circling year. How unperceiv'd
Her ſeaſons change! Behold! by ſlow degrees,
Stern Winter tam'd into a ruder ſpring;
The ripen'd Spring a milder ſummer glows;
Departing Summer ſheds Pomona's ſtore;
And aged Autumn brews the winter-ſtorm.
Slow as they come, theſe changes come not void
Of mortal ſhocks: The cold and torrid reigns,

The two great periods of th' important year,
Are in their firſt approaches ſeldom ſafe:
Funereal autumn all the ſickly dread,
And the black fates deform the lovely ſpring.
He well adviſ'd, who taught our wiſer ſires
Early to borrow Muſcovy's warm ſpoils,
Ere the firſt froſt has touch'd the tender blade;
And late reſign them, tho' the wanton ſpring
Should deck her charms with all her ſiſter's rays.
For while the effluence of the skin maintains
Its native meaſure, the pleuritic Spring
Glides harmleſs by; and Autumn, ſick to death
With ſallow Quartans, no contagion breathes.

I in prophetic numbers could unfold
The omens of the year: what ſeaſons teem
With what diſeaſes; what the humid South
Prepares, and what the Dæmon of the Eaſt:
But

But you perhaps refuse the tedious song.
Besides, whatever plagues in heat, or cold,
Or drought, or moisture dwell, they hurt not you,
Skill'd to correct the vices of the sky,
And taught already how to each extream
To bend your life. But should the public bane
Infect you, or some trespass of your own,
Or flaw of nature hint mortality:
Soon as a not unpleasing horror glides
Along the spine, thro' all your torpid limbs;
When first the head throbs, or the stomach feels
A sickly load, a weary pain the loins;
Be Celsus call'd: The fates come rushing on;
The rapid fates admit of no delay.
While wilful you, and fatally secure,
Expect to morrow's more auspicious sun,
The growing pest, whose infancy was weak

And easy vanquish'd, with triumphant sway
O'erpow'rs your life. For want of timely care
Millions have died of medicable wounds.

Ah! in what perils is vain life engag'd!
What slight neglects, what trivial faults destroy
The hardiest frame! Of indolence, of toil,
We die; of want, of superfluity.
The all-surrounding heaven, the vital air,
Is big with death. And, tho' the putrid South
Be shut; tho' no convulsive agony
Shake, from the deep foundations of the world,
Th' imprisoned plagues; a secret venom oft
Corrupts the air, the water, and the land.
What livid deaths has sad Byzantium seen!
How oft has Cairo, with a mother's woe,
Wept o'er her slaughter'd sons, and lonely streets!

Even

Even Albion, girt with leſs malignant ſkies,
Albion the poiſon of the Gods has drunk,
And felt the ſting of monſters all her own.

Ere yet the fell Plantagenets had ſpent
Their ancient rage, at Boſworth's purple field;
While, for which tyrant England ſhould receive,
Her legions in inceſtuous murders mix'd,
And daily horrors; till the Fates were drunk
With kindred blood by kindred hands profus'd:
Another plague of more gygantic arm
Aroſe, a monſter never known before
Rear'd from Cocytus its portentuous head.
This rapid fury not, like other peſts,
Purſued a gradual courſe, but in a day
Ruſh'd as a ſtorm o'er half th' aſtoniſh'd iſle,
And ſtrew'd with ſudden carcaſſes the land.

First

First thro' the ſhoulders, or whatever part
Was ſeiz'd the firſt, a fervid vapour ſprung.
With raſh combuſtion thence, the quivering ſpark
Shot to the heart, and kindled all within;
And ſoon the ſurface caught the ſpreading fires.
Thro' all the yielding pores the melted blood
Guſh'd out in ſmoaky ſweats; but nought aſſuag'd
The torrid heat within, nor aught reliev'd
The ſtomach's anguiſh. With inceſſant toil,
Deſperate of eaſe, impatient of their pain,
They toſs'd from ſide to ſide. In vain the ſtream
Ran full and clear, they burnt and thirſted ſtill.
The reſtleſs arteries with rapid blood
Beat ſtrong and frequent. Thick and pantingly
The breath was fetch'd, and with huge lab'rings heav'd.
At laſt a heavy pain oppreſs'd the head,

A wild delirium came; their weeping friends
Were ſtrangers now, and this no home of theirs.
Haraſs'd with toil on toil, the ſinking powers
Lay proſtrate and o'erthrown; a ponderous ſleep
Wrapt all the ſenſes up: They ſlept and died.

In ſome a gentle horror crept at firſt
O'er all the limbs; the ſluices of the skin
Withheld their moiſture, till by art provok'd
The ſweats o'erflow'd; but in a clammy tide:
Now free and copious, now reſtrain'd and ſlow;
Of tinctures various, as the temperature
Had mix'd the blood; and rank with fetid ſteams:
As if the pent-up humors by delay
Were grown more fell, more putrid, and malign.
Here lay their hopes (tho' little hope remain'd)
With full effuſion of perpetual ſweats
To drive the venom out. And here the fates

Were

Were kind, that long they linger'd not in pain.
For who ſurviv'd the ſun's diurnal race
Roſe from the dreary gates of hell redeem'd:
Some the ſixth hour oppreſs'd, and ſome the
    third.

Of many thouſands few untainted 'ſcap'd;
Of thoſe infected fewer 'ſcap'd alive:
Of thoſe who liv'd ſome felt a ſecond blow;
And whom the ſecond ſpar'd a third deſtroy'd.
Frantic with fear, they ſought by flight to ſhun
The fierce contagion. O'er the mournful land
Th' infected city pour'd her hurrying ſwarms:
Rous'd by the flames that fir'd her ſeats around,
Th' infected country ruſh'd into the town.
Some, ſad at home, and in the deſart ſome,
Abjur'd the fatal commerce of mankind;

In

In vain: where'er they fled the Fates purſued.
Others, with hopes more ſpecious, croſs'd the main,
To ſeek protection in far-diſtant skies;
But none they found. It ſeem'd the general air
Was then at enmity with Engliſh blood.
For, but the race of England, all were ſafe
In foreign climes; nor did this fury taſte
The foreign blood which Albion then contain'd.
Where ſhould they fly? The circumambient heaven
Involv'd them ſtill; and every breeze was bane.
Where find relief? The ſalutary art
Was mute; and, ſtartled at the new diſeaſe,
In fearful whiſpers hopeleſs omens gave.
To heaven with ſuppliant rites they ſent their pray'rs;

Heav'n heard them not. Of every hope depriv'd;
Fatigu'd with vain reſources; and ſubdued
With woes reſiſtleſs and enfeebling fear;
Paſſive they ſunk beneath the weighty blow.
Nothing but lamentable ſounds was heard,
Nor ought was ſeen but ghaſtly views of death;
Infectious horror ran from face to face,
And pale deſpair. 'Twas all the buſineſs then
To tend the ſick, and in their turns to die.
In heaps they fell: And oft one bed, they ſay,
The ſickening, dying, and the dead contain'd.

Ye guardian Gods, on whom the Fates depend
Of tottering Albion! Ye eternal fires,
That lead thro' heav'n the wandering year! Ye powers,
That o'er th' incircling elements preſide!
May nothing worſe than what this age has ſeen Arrive!

Arrive! Enough abroad, enough at home
Has Albion bled. Here a diſtemper'd heaven
Has thin'd her cities; from thoſe lofty cliffs
That awe proud Gaul, to Thule's wintry reign;
While in the Weſt, beyond th' Atlantic foam,
Her braveſt ſons, keen for the fight, have died
The death of cowards, and of common men;
Sunk void of wounds, and fall'n without renown.

But from theſe views the weeping Muſes turn,
And other themes invite my wandering ſong.



...ORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASW...

# THE ART OF PRESERVING HEALTH.

## BOOK IV.

## The PASSIONS.

# THE
# ART
## OF PRESERVING
# HEALTH.
## BOOK IV.
### The PASSIONS.

THE choice of aliment, the choice of air,
The uſe of toil and all external things,
Already ſung; it now remains to trace
What good what evil from ourſelves proceeds:
And how the ſubtle principle within
Inſpires with health, or mines with ſtrange decay
The paſſive body. Ye poetic Shades,
That know the ſecrets of the world unſeen,

Aſſiſt

Assist my song! For, in a doubtful theme
Engag'd, I wander thro' mysterious ways.

There is, they say, (and I believe there is)
A spark within us of th' immortal fire,
That animates and moulds the grosser frame;
And when the body sinks, escapes to heaven,
Its native seat; and mixes with the Gods.
Mean while this heavenly particle pervades
The mortal elements, in every nerve
It thrills with pleasure, or grows mad with pain.
And, in its secret conclave, as it feels
The body's woes and joys, this ruling power
Weilds at its will the dull material world,
And is the body's health or malady.

By its own toil the gross corporeal frame
Fatigues, extenuates, or destroys itself:

Nor

Nor leſs the labours of the mind corrode
The ſolid fabric. For by ſubtle parts,
And viewleſs atoms, ſecret Nature moves
The mighty wheels of this ſtupendous world.
By ſubtle fluids pour'd thro' ſubtle tubes
The natural, vital, functions are perform'd.
By theſe the ſtubborn aliments are tam'd;
The toiling heart diſtributes life and ſtrength;
Theſe the ſtill-crumbling frame rebuild; and theſe
Are loſt in thinking, and diſſolve in air.

But 'tis not Thought (for ſtill the ſoul's employ'd)
'Tis painful thinking that corrodes our clay.
All day the vacant eye without fatigue
Strays o'er the heaven and earth; but long intent
On microſcopic arts its vigour fails.
Juſt ſo the mind, with various thought amus'd,
Nor aches itſelf, nor gives the body pain.

But anxious Study, Diſcontent, and Care,
Love without hope, and Hate without revenge,
And Fear, and Jealouſy, fatigue the ſoul,
Engroſs the ſubtle miniſters of life,
And ſpoil the lab'ring functions of their ſhare.
Hence the lean gloom that Melancholy wears;
The Lover's paleneſs; and the ſallow hue
Of Envy, Jealouſy; the meagre ſtare
Of ſore Revenge: The canker'd body hence
Betrays each fretful motion of the mind.

The ſtrong-built pedant; who both night and day
Feeds on the coarſeſt fare the ſchools beſtow,
And crudely fattens at groſs Burman's ſtall;
O'erwhelm'd with phlegm lies in a dropſy drown'd,
Or ſinks in lethargy before his time.
With uſeful ſtudies you, and arts that pleaſe
Employ your mind, amuſe but not fatigue.

Peace to each drowsy metaphysic sage!
And ever may the German folio's rest!
Yet some there are, even of elastic parts,
Whom strong and obstinate ambition leads
Thro' all the rugged roads of barren lore,
And gives to relish what their generous taste
Would else refuse. But may nor thirst of fame
Nor love of knowledge urge you to fatigue
With constant drudgery the liberal soul.
Toy with your books: and, as the various fits
Of humour seize you, from Philosophy
To Fable shift; from serious Antonine
To Rabelais' ravings, and from prose to song.

While reading pleases, but no longer, read;
And read aloud resounding Homer's strain,
And weild the thunder of Demosthenes.
The chest so exercis'd improves its strength;

And quick vibrations thro' the bowels drive
The restless blood, which in unactive days
Would loiter else thro' unelastic tubes.
Deem it not trifling while I recommend
What posture suits: To stand and sit by turns,
As nature prompts, is best. But o'er your leaves
To lean for ever, cramps the vital parts,
And robs the fine machinery of its play.

'Tis the great art of life to manage well
The restless mind. For ever on pursuit
Of knowledge bent it starves the grosser powers.
Quite unemploy'd, against its own repose
Its turns its fatal edge, and sharper pangs
Than what the body knows embitter life.
Chiefly where Solitude, sad nurse of care,
To sickly musing gives the pensive mind.
There madness enters; and the dim-ey'd Fiend,

Sour

Sour Melancholy, night and day provokes
Her own eternal wound. The sun grows pale;
A mournful visionary light o'erspreads
The chearful face of nature: earth becomes
A dreary desart, and heaven frowns above.
Then various shapes of curs'd illusion rise;
Whate'er the wretched fears, creating Fear
Forms out of nothing; and with monsters teems
Unknown in hell. The prostrate soul beneath
A load of huge imagination heaves.
And all the horrors, that the guilty feel,
With anxious flutterings wake the guiltless breast.

Such phantoms Pride in solitary scenes,
Or Fear, on delicate Self-love creates.
From other cares absolv'd, the busy mind
Finds in yourself a theme to pore upon;
It finds you miserable, or makes you so.

For

For while yourſelf you anxiouſly explore,
Timorous Self-love, with ſick'ning Fancy's aid,
Preſents the danger that you dread the moſt,
And ever galls you in your tender part.
Hence ſome for love, and ſome for jealouſy,
For grim religion ſome, and ſome for pride,
Have loſt their reaſon: ſome for fear of want
Want all their lives; and others every day
For fear of dying ſuffer worſe than death.
Ah! from your boſoms baniſh, if you can,
Thoſe fatal gueſts: and firſt the Demon Fear;
That trembles at impoſſible events,
Leſt aged Atlas ſhould reſign his load
And heaven's eternal battlements ruſh down.
Is there an evil worſe than fear itſelf?
And what avails it that indulgent heaven
From mortal eyes has wrapt the woes to come,
If we, ingenious to torment ourſelves,

Grow pale at hideous fictions of our own?
Enjoy the preſent; nor with needleſs cares,
Of what may ſpring from blind Misfortune's womb,
Appal the ſureſt hour that life beſtows.
Serene, and maſter of yourſelf, prepare
For what may come; and leave the reſt to heaven.

Oft from the body, by long ails miſtun'd,
Theſe evils ſprung the moſt important health,
That of the mind, deſtroy: And when the mind
They firſt invade, the conſcious body ſoon
In ſympathetic languiſhment declines.
Theſe chronic paſſions, while from real woes
They riſe, and yet without the body's fault
Infeſt the ſoul, admit one only cure;
Diverſion, hurry, and a reſtleſs life.
Vain are the conſolations of the wiſe,
In vain your friends would reaſon down your pain.

Oh

Oh ye whoſe ſouls relentleſs love has tam'd
To ſoft diſtreſs, or friends untimely ſlain!
Court not the luxury of tender thought:
Nor deem it impious to forget thoſe pains
That hurt the living, nought avail the dead.
Go, ſoft enthuſiaſt! quit the cypreſs groves,
Nor to the rivulet's lonely moanings tune
Your ſad complaint. Go, ſeek the chearful haunts
Of men, and mingle with the buſtling croud;
Lay ſchemes for wealth, or power, or fame, the wiſh
Of nobler minds, and puſh them night and day.
Or join the caravan in queſt of ſcenes
New to your eyes, and ſhifting every hour;
Beyond the Alps, beyond the Appennines.
Or, more advent'rous, ruſh into the field
Where war grows hot; and, raging thro' the sky,
The lofty trumpet ſwells the maddening ſoul:

And

And in the hardy camp and toilſome march,
Forget all ſofter and leſs manly cares.

But moſt too paſſive, when the blood runs low,
Too weakly indolent to ſtrive with pain,
And bravely by reſiſting conquer Fate,
Try Circe's arts; and in the tempting bowl
Of poiſon'd Nectar ſweet oblivion drink.
Struck by the powerful charm, the gloom diſſolves
In empty air; Elyſium opens round.
A pleaſing phrenzy buoys the lighten'd ſoul,
And ſanguine hopes diſpel your fleeting care;
And what was difficult, and what was dire,
Yields to your proweſs and ſuperior ſtars:
The happieſt you, of all that e'er were mad,
Or are, or ſhall be, could this folly laſt.
But ſoon your heaven is gone; a heavier gloom

Shuts o'er your head: and, as the thundering ſtream,
Swoln o'er its banks with ſudden mountain rain,
Sinks from its tumult to a ſilent brook;
So, when the frantic raptures in your breaſt
Subſide, you languiſh into mortal man;
You ſleep, and waking find yourſelf undone.
For prodigal of life in one raſh night
You laviſh'd more than might ſupport three days.
A heavy morning comes; your cares return
With tenfold rage. An anxious ſtomach well
May be endur'd; ſo may the throbbing head:
But ſuch a dim delirium, ſuch a dream,
Involves you; ſuch a daſtardly deſpair
Unmans your ſoul, as madd'ning Pentheus felt
When, baited round Citheron's cruel ſides,
He ſaw two ſuns, and double Thebes aſcend.
You curſe the ſluggiſh Port; you curſe the wretch,
The felon, with unnatural mixture firſt

Who

Who dar'd to violate the virgin Wine.
Or on the fugitive Champain you pour
A thousand curses; for to heav'n your soul
It rapt, to plunge you deeper in despair.
Perhaps you rue even that divinest gift,
The gay, serene, good-natur'd Burgundy,
Or the fresh fragrant vintage of the Rhine:
And wish that heaven from mortals had withheld
The grape, and all intoxicating bowls.

Besides, it wounds you sore to recollect
What follies in your loose unguarded hour
Escap'd. By one irrevocable word,
Perhaps that meant no harm, you lose a friend.
Or in the rage of wine your hasty hand
Performs a deed to haunt you to your grave.
Add that your means, your health, your parts decay;

Your friends avoid you; brutiſhly transform'd
They hardly know you; or if one remains
To wiſh you well, he wiſhes you in heaven.
Deſpis'd, unwept you fall; who might have left
A ſacred, cheriſh'd, ſadly-pleaſing name;
A name ſtill to be utter'd with a ſigh.
Your laſt ungraceful ſcene has quite effac'd
All ſenſe and memory of your former worth.

How to live happieſt; how avoid the pains,
The diſappointments, and diſguſts of thoſe
Who would in pleaſure all their hours employ;
The precepts here of a divine old man
I could recite. Tho' old, he ſtill retain'd
His manly ſenſe, and energy of mind.
Virtuous and wiſe he was, but not ſevere;
He ſtill remember'd that he once was young;
His eaſy preſence check'd no decent joy.

Him

Him even the dissolute admir'd; for he
A graceful looseness when he pleas'd put on,
And laughing cou'd instruct. Much had he read,
Much more had seen; he studied from the life,
And in th' original perus'd mankind.

Vers'd in the woes and vanities of life,
He pitied man: And much he pitied those
Whom falsely-smiling fate has curs'd with means
To dissipate their days in quest of joy.
Our aim is Happiness; 'tis yours, 'tis mine,
He said, 'tis the pursuit of all that live;
Yet few attain it, if 'twas e'er attain'd.
But they the widest wander from the mark,
Who thro' the flow'ry paths of saunt'ring Joy
Seek this coy Goddess; that from stage to stage
Invites us still, but shifts as we pursue.
For, not to name the pains that pleasure brings

To counterpoiſe itſelf, relentleſs Fate
Forbids that we thro' gay voluptuous wilds
Should ever roam: And were the Fates more kind
Our narrow luxuries would ſoon be ſtale.
Were theſe exhauſtleſs, Nature would grow ſick,
And, cloy'd with pleaſure, ſqueamiſhly complain
That all was vanity, and life a dream.
Let nature reſt: Be buſy for yourſelf,
And for your friend; be buſy even in vain
Rather than teize her ſated appetites.
Who never faſts no banquet e'er enjoys;
Who never toils or watches never ſleeps.
Let nature reſt: And when the taſte of joy
Grows keen, indulge; but ſhun ſatiety.

'Tis not for mortals always to be bleſt.
But him the leaſt the dull or painful hours
Of life oppreſs, whom ſober Senſe conducts

And

And Virtue, thro' this labyrinth we tread.
Virtue and Senſe I mean not to disjoin;
Virtue and Senſe are one; and, truſt me, he
Who has not virtue is not truly wiſe.
Virtue (for meer good-nature is a fool)
Is ſenſe and ſpirit, with humanity:
'Tis ſometimes angry, and its frown confounds;
'Tis even vindictive, but in vengeance juſt.
Knaves fain would laugh at it; ſome great ones dare;
But at his heart the moſt undaunted ſon
Of fortune dreads its name and awful charms.
To nobleſt uſes this determines wealth;
This is the ſolid pomp of proſperous days;
The peace and ſhelter of adverſity.
And if you pant for glory, build your fame
On this foundation, which the ſecret ſhock
Defies of Envy and all-ſapping Time.

The

The gawdy gloſs of Fortune only ſtrikes
The vulgar eye: The ſuffrage of the wiſe,
The praiſe that's worth ambition, is attain'd
By Senſe alone, and dignity of mind.

Virtue, the ſtrength and beauty of the ſoul,
Is the beſt gift of heaven: a happineſs
That even above the ſmiles and frowns of fate
Exalts great Nature's favourites: a wealth
That ne'er encumbers, nor to baſer hands
Can be transfer'd: it is the only good
Man juſtly boaſts of, or can call his own.
Riches are oft by guilt and baſeneſs earn'd;
Or dealt by chance, to ſhield a lucky knave,
Or throw a cruel ſun-ſhine on a fool.
But for one end, one much-neglected uſe,
Are riches worth your care: (for Nature's wants
Are few, and without opulence ſupplied.)

This

This noble end is, to produce the Soul;
To shew the virtues in their fairest light;
To make Humanity the Minister
Of bounteous Providence; and teach the Breast
That generous luxury the Gods enjoy.

Thus, in his graver vein, the friendly Sage
Sometimes declaim'd. Of Right and Wrong he taught
Truths as refin'd as ever Athens heard;
And (strange to tell!) he practis'd what he preach'd.
Skill'd in the Passions, how to check their sway
He knew, as far as Reason can controul
The lawless Powers. But other cares are mine:
Form'd in the school of Pæon, I relate
What Passions hurt the body, what improve:
Avoid them, or invite them, as you may.

Know then, whatever chearful and ſerene
Supports the mind, ſupports the body too.
Hence the moſt vital movement mortals feel
Is Hope; the balm and life-blood of the ſoul.
It pleaſes, and it laſts. Indulgent heaven
Sent down the kind deluſion, thro' the paths
Of rugged life; to lead us patient on;
And make our happieſt ſtate no tedious thing.
Our greateſt good, and what we leaſt can ſpare,
Is Hope; the laſt of all our evils, Fear.

But there are Paſſions grateful to the breaſt,
And yet no friends to Life; perhaps they pleaſe
Or to exceſs, and diſſipate the ſoul;
Or while they pleaſe, torment. The ſtubborn Clown,
The ill-tam'd Ruffian, and pale Uſurer,
(If Love's omnipotence ſuch hearts can mould)
May ſafely mellow into love; and grow

Refin'd, humane, and generous, if they can.
Love in such bosoms never to a fault
Or pains or pleases. But ye finer Souls,
Form'd to soft luxury, and prompt to thrill
With all the tumults, all the joys and pains,
That beauty gives; with caution and reserve
Indulge the sweet destroyer of repose,
Nor court too much the Queen of charming cares.
For, while the cherish'd poison in your breast
Ferments and maddens; sick with jealousy,
Absence, distrust, or even with anxious joy,
The wholsome appetites and powers of life
Dissolve in languor. The coy stomach loaths
The genial board: Your chearful days are gone:
The generous bloom that flush'd your cheeks is fled.
To sighs devoted and to tender pains,
Pensive you sit, or solitary stray,
And waste your youth in musing. Musing first

Toy'd into care your unſuſpecting heart:
It found a liking there, a ſportful fire,
And that fomented into ſerious love;
Which muſing daily ſtrengthens and improves
Thro' all the heights of fondneſs and romance:
And you're undone, the fatal ſhaft has ſped,
If once you doubt whether you love or no.
The body waſtes away; th' infected mind,
Diſſolv'd in female tenderneſs, forgets
Each manly virtue, and grows dead to fame.
Sweet heaven from ſuch intoxicating charms
Defend all worthy breaſts! Not that I deem
Love always dangerous, always to be ſhun'd.
Love well repaid, and not too weakly ſunk
In wanton and unmanly tenderneſs,
Adds bloom to Health; o'er every virtue ſheds
A gay, humane, and amiable grace,
And brightens all the ornaments of man.

But

But fruitleſs, hopeleſs, diſappointed, rack'd
With jealouſy, fatigued with hope and fear,
Too ſerious, or too languiſhingly fond,
Unnerves the body and unmans the ſoul.
And ſome have died for Love; and ſome run mad;
And ſome with deſperate hand themſelves have ſlain.

Some to extinguiſh, others to prevent,
A mad devotion to one dangerous Fair,
Court all they meet; in hopes to diſſipate
The cares of Love amongſt a hundred Brides.
Th' event is doubtful: for there are who find
A cure in this; there are who find it not.
'Tis no relief, alas! it rather galls
The wound, to thoſe who are ſincerely ſick.
For while from feveriſh and tumultuous joys
The nerves grow languid and the ſoul ſubſides;
The tender Fancy ſmarts with every ſting;

And what was Love before is Madneſs now.
Is health your care, or luxury your aim,
Be temperate ſtill: When Nature bids obey;
Her wild impatient ſallies bear no curb.
But when the prurient habit of delight,
Or looſe Imagination, ſpurs you on
To deeds above your ſtrength, impute it not
To Nature: Nature all compulſion hates.
Ah! let nor luxury nor vain renown
Urge you to feats you well might ſleep without;
To make what ſhould be rapture a fatigue,
A tedious task; nor in the wanton arms
Of twining Laïs melt your manhood down.
For from the colliquation of ſoft joys
How chang'd you riſe! the ghoſt of what you was!
Languid, and melancholy, and gaunt, and wan;
Your veins exhauſted and your nerves unſtrung.
Spoil'd of its balm and ſprightly zeſt, the blood

Grows

Grows vapid phlegm; along the tender nerves
(To each ſlight impulſe tremblingly awake)
A ſubtle Fiend that mimics all the plagues.
Rapid and reſtleſs ſprings from part to part.
The blooming honours of your youth are fallen;
Your vigour pines; your vital powers decay;
Diſeaſes haunt you; and untimely Age
Creeps on; unſocial, impotent, and lewd.
Infatuate, impious, epicure! to waſte
The ſtores of pleaſure, chearfulneſs, and health!
Infatuate all who make delight their trade,
And coy perdition every hour purſue.

Who pines with Love, or in laſcivious flames
Conſumes, is with his own conſent undone:
He chuſes to be wretched, to be mad;
And warn'd proceeds and wilful to his fate.
But there's a Paſſion, whoſe tempeſtuous ſway

Tears

Tears up each virtue planted in the breaſt,
And ſhakes to ruins proud philoſophy.
For pale and trembling Anger ruſhes in,
With fault'ring ſpeech, and eyes that wildly ſtare;
Fierce as the Tyger, madder than the ſeas,
Deſperate, and arm'd with more than human ſtrength.
How ſoon the calm, humane, and poliſh'd man
Forgets compunction, and ſtarts up a fiend!
Who pines in Love, or waſtes with ſilent Cares,
Envy, or Ignominy, or tender Grief,
Slowly deſcends and ling'ring to the ſhades.
But he whom Anger ſtings, drops, if he dies,
At once, and ruſhes apoplectic down;
Or a fierce fever hurries him to hell.
For, as the Body thro' unnumber'd ſtrings
Reverberates each vibration of the Soul;
As is the Paſſion, ſuch is ſtill the Pain

The

The Body feels; or chronic, or acute.
And oft a ſudden ſtorm at once o'erpowers
The Life, or gives your Reaſon to the winds.
Such fates attend the raſh alarm of Fear,
And ſudden Grief, and Rage, and ſudden Joy.

There are, mean time, to whom the boiſt'rous fit
Is Health, and only fills the ſails of life.
For where the Mind a torpid winter leads,
Wrapt in a Body corpulent and cold,
And each clogg'd function lazily moves on;
A generous ſally ſpurns th' incumbent load,
Unlocks the breaſt, and gives a cordial glow.
But if your wrathful blood is apt to boil,
Or are your nerves too irritably ſtrung;
Wave all Diſpute; be cautious if you joke;

Keep Lent for ever; and forſwear the Bowl.
For one raſh moment ſends you to the ſhades,
Or ſhatters every hopeful ſcheme of life,
And gives to horror all your days to come.
Fate, arm'd with thunder, fire, and every plague
That ruins, tortures, or diſtracts mankind,
And makes the happy wretched in an hour,
O'erwhelms you not with woes ſo horrible
As your own Wrath, nor gives more ſudden blows.

While Choler works, good Friend, you may be wrong;
Diſtruſt yourſelf, and ſleep before you fight.
'Tis not too late to morrow to be brave;
If Honour bids, to morrow kill or die.
But calm advice againſt a raging fit
Avails too little; and it tries the power

Of

Of all that ever taught in Proſe or Song,
To tame the Fiend that ſleeps a gentle Lamb,
And wakes a Lion. Unprovok'd and calm,
You reaſon well, ſee as you ought to ſee,
And wonder at the madneſs of mankind:
Seiz'd with the common rage, you ſoon forget
The ſpeculations of your wiſer hours.
Beſet with Furies of all deadly ſhapes,
Fierce and inſidious, violent and ſlow;
With all that urge or lure us on to Fate;
What refuge ſhall we ſeek? what arms prepare?
Where Reaſon proves too weak, or void of wiles,
To cope with ſubtle or impetuous Powers,
I would invoke new Paſſions to your aid:
With Indignation would extinguiſh Fear,
With Fear or generous Pity vanquiſh Rage,
And Love with Pride; and force to force oppoſe.

There is a Charm: a Power that ſways the breaſt;
Bids every Paſſion revel or be ſtill;
Inſpires with Rage, or all your Cares diſſolves;
Can ſooth Diſtraction, and almoſt Deſpair.
That Power is Muſic: Far beyond the ſtretch
Of thoſe unmeaning warblers on our ſtage;
Thoſe clumſy Heroes, thoſe fat-headed Gods,
Who move no Paſſion juſtly but Contempt:
Who, like our dancers (light indeed and ſtrong!)
Do wond'rous feats, but never heard of grace.
The fault is ours; we bear thoſe monſtrous arts,
Good Heaven! we praiſe them: we, with loudeſt peals,
Applaud the fool that higheſt lifts his heels;
And, with inſipid ſhew of rapture, die
Of ideot notes, impertinently long.

But

But he the Muſe's laurel juſtly ſhares,
A Poet he, and touch'd with Heaven's own fire;
Who, with bold rage or ſolemn pomp of ſounds,
Inflames, exalts, and raviſhes the ſoul;
Now tender, plaintive, ſweet almoſt to pain,
In Love diſſolves you; now in ſprightly ſtrains
Breathes a gay rapture thro' your thrilling breaſt;
Or melts the heart with airs divinely ſad;
Or wakes to horror the tremendous ſtrings.
Such was the bard, whoſe heavenly ſtrains of old
Appeas'd the fiend of melancholy Saul.
Such was, if old and heathen fame ſay true,
The man who bade the Theban domes aſcend,
And tam'd the ſavage nations with his ſong;
And ſuch the Thracian, whoſe harmonious lyre,
Tun'd to ſoft woe, made all the mountains weep;
Sooth'd even th' inexorable powers of Hell,

And

And half redeem'd his loſt Eurydice.
Muſic exalts each Joy, allays each Grief,
Expells Diſeaſes, ſoftens every Pain,
Subdues the rage of Poiſon, and the Plague;
And hence the wiſe of ancient days ador'd
One Power of Phyſic, Melody, and Song.

*The* E N D.